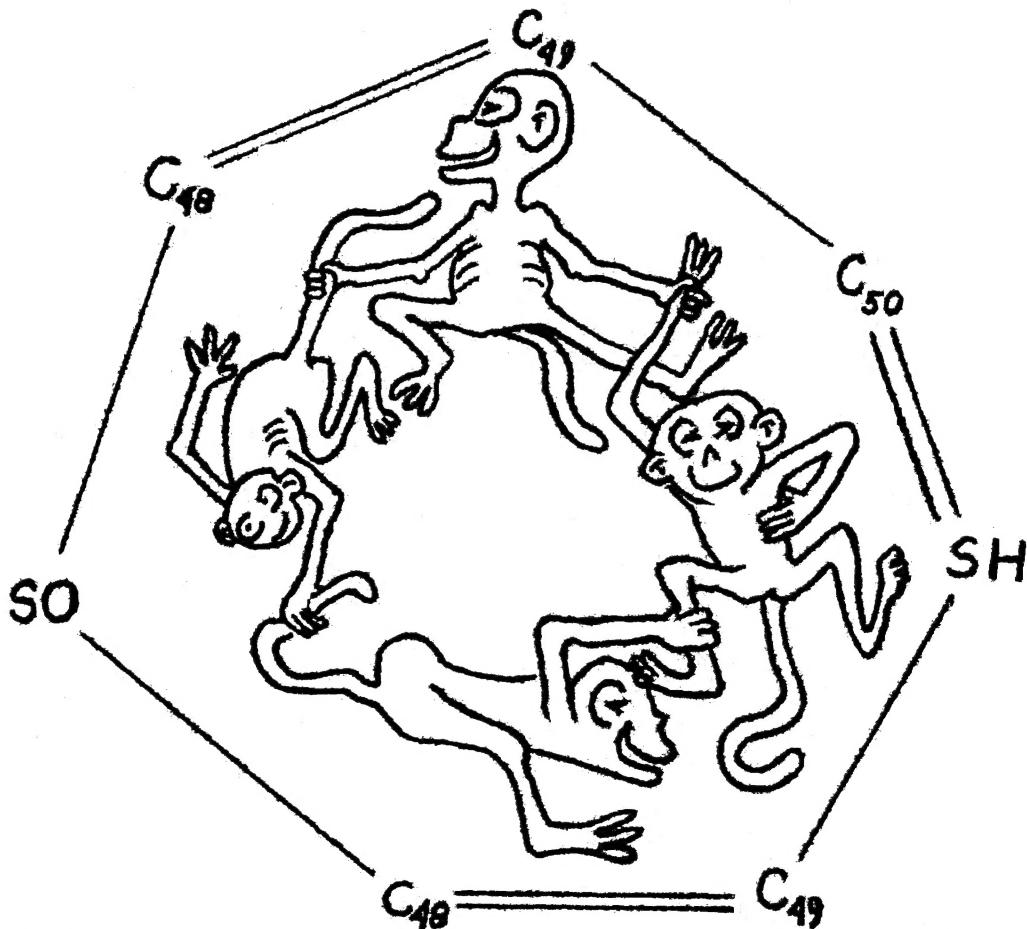


# SCIENTIFIC AND PROFESSIONAL PERSONNEL SONGBOOK



SONG IS THE LUBRICANT OF LIFE; AND NOT THE LEAST OF ARMY LIFE. THEREFORE, WE DEDICATE THIS SONGBOOK TO THOSE "STUPID INTELLECTUALS" WHO WERE STUPID ENOUGH TO GET DRAFTED BUT INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO BECOME S.P.P.

SPP THEME SONG  
(Sing to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

Chorus: Take down, take down  
Oh, take down your service flag, Mother dear,  
Take down, take down  
Oh, take down your service flag, Mother dear,

Your son went through four years of college,  
For this he received a degree,  
They drafted him into the Army  
And made him an SPP

-----Chorus-----

Some mothers have sons in the Army  
Some mothers have sons on the sea,  
But take down your service flag, Mother  
Your son is an SPP

-----Chorus-----

Oh, take down your service flag, Mother,  
Your son is an SPP.  
He'll never get wounded in action,  
Extracting the square root of three.

-----Chorus-----

Sailors have ships to keep shining,  
Infantry marches till dawn,  
Oh, take down your service flag, Mother  
Your SPP's mowing the lawn..

-----Chorus-----

Now there is an infantry soldier,  
Now there is a fighting marine,  
Your son is not one of these, Mother,  
He's learned how to keep his hands clean.

-----Chorus-----

Fighters are lined up in action,  
Their guns are all shiny and bright  
But SPP's never, Oh I never,  
Must think of the nasty word "fight"

## THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS

My eyes are dim, I ca nnot see, I have not brought my specs with me,  
I have not brought my specs with me,

For it's \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, that makes you \_\_\_\_\_,  
in the corp - in the corp,

For it's \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, that makes you \_\_\_\_\_,  
in the quart-er-mast-er quartermaster corp.

For it's whisky, whisky, whisky, that makes you feel so frisky.

For it's beer, beer, beer, that makes you feel so queer.

For it's gin, gin, gin, that makes you want to sin.

For it's water, water, water, that makes you feel you otter.

For it's musca, muscate, that makes you feel like hell.

For it's wine, wine, wine, that makes you feel so fine.

For it's rum, rum, rum, that makes you want to come.

For it's tequila, tequila, tequila, that makes you want to feel her.

For it's port, port, port, that ma kes you want to snort.

For it's brandy, brandy, brandy, that makes you feel so dandy.

For it's ale, ale, ale, that makes you look so pale.

For it's pepsi, pepsi, pepsi, that makes you feel so sexy.

For it's rye, rye, rye, that makes you feel so high.

## T'was a Cold Winter's Evening

T'was a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,  
O'Leary was closing the bar, when he turned and he said to the lady in red,  
Get out, you can't stay where you are. Oh, she wept a sad tear,  
In her bucket of beer, as she thought of the cold night ahead,  
When a gentleman handsome stepped over the transom,  
And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know,  
About the way of college men and how they come and go (mostly go).  
Now, age has stolen her beauty and sin has left it's sad scar,  
So, remember your mothers and sisters, boys, let Nellie sleep  
Under the bar - (under the ba r).

## THE PHI TAU ALPHA SONG

(The NPP's Lament)

To the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Mine eyes have seen the misery of the coming of the draft  
The day I got the letter, that's the day I got the shaft;  
They said "Your country needs you son, the Army's understaffed"  
Oh we're the F. T. A.

CHORUS:

How we hate the -----Army  
How we hate the -----Army  
How we hate the -----Army  
Oh we're the F. T. A. (stand on last chorus)

They sent me off to Basic T., which leads to no degree  
Next in line was ACC, they said you're S&P.  
I find that means you're ripe for guard, fatigue, and KP.  
Oh we're the F. T. A.

- - - - - Chorus - - - - -

Our CO we call the wedge, because he is a simple tool  
The Exec - he is the lever, and he's twice as much a fool,  
our 1st Sergeant is the one who really is a jewel,  
Oh we're the F. T. A.

- - - - - Chorus - - - - -

I'm in the Army too damn long, I'd like to call it quits;  
The food - it tastes like garbage, and the clothing never fits.  
Whenever I eat mess hall food I get the G. I. ----  
Oh we're the F. T. A.

- - - - - Chorus - - - - -

Our days at ACC, we all could surely do without,  
For all your time is spent just looking for that early out  
And dreaming of that glorious day we'll never have to shout  
Oh we're the F. T. A.

- - - - - Chorus - - - - -

## THE DRINKING SONG

Ein, zwie, drie, vier, lift your stein and drink your beer.

Drink, Drink, Drink to eyes, that are bright as stars when they're  
shining on me.

Drink, Drink, Drink to lips that are red and sweet as the fruit on  
the tree.

Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine lovingly, longingly  
soon into mine.

May those lips that are red and sweet, tonight with joy my own lips meet.

Drink, Drink, Drink let the toast start.

Let young heart never part.

Drink, Drink, Drink let every true lover salute his sweetheart.

NOTES:

ALMA MATER  
(Sing to the tune of "Oh Hail to Thee")

Hail to thee, Oh A.C.C.  
Stronghold of the S.P.P.  
Where scientific mystery  
Remains unsolved eternally.  
Where civil service workers sit  
Tormenting monkeys in a cage.  
The only problem to decide,  
Is why the monkeys are inside.

So Hail to thee, Old A.C.C.  
Where I dwelled in misery.  
Sweating out on my K.P.  
Or paid in blood for my S.D.  
The cooks and bakers make me rave  
They'll drive me to an early grave  
The only thing I cannot justify  
Is why old soldiers never die.

So drink with me to A.C.C.  
Drink unto her majesty.  
Born by man's stupidity  
Has doomed her sons to misery  
An age of wisdom on parade  
Has perished in her sterile shade.  
A fact that no one can deny,  
This is the place where science died.

WOODPECKER SONG

I put my finger in the woodpecker hole  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul, take it out,  
take it out, take it out, remove it."

I removed my finger from the woodpecker hole  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul, put it back,  
put it back put it back, replace it."

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker hole  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul, turn it around,  
turn it around, turn it around, revolve it."

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker hole  
and the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul, the other way,  
the other way, the other way, reverse it."

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker hole  
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul, take it out,  
take it out, take it out, I've had it."

THE CAMEL  
(Tune similar to the "Mexican Hat Dance")

Chorus: Singing sterile-li-erile-li-erile  
Singing steriel-li-erile-li-ay

Singing sterile-li-erile-li-erile  
Singing sterile-li-erile-li-ay

The sexual life of the camel,  
Is greater than anyone thinks,  
One night in a fit of mad passion,  
He tried to bugger the sphinx.  
But the sphinx's posterior channels,  
Are clogged by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,  
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

-----Chorus-----

Exhaustive experimentation,  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,  
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog,  
Can hardly be buggered at all.  
So be like the boys up at Harvard,  
And be like the boys down at Yale;  
Before you would bugger a hedgehog,  
Remove all the quills from his tail.

-----Chorus-----

The natives of Southern Australia,  
Don't care much for women or booze,  
The national pastime down under,  
Is buggering dead kangaroos,  
So if your wife tastes differently lately,  
And you're longing for something that's new,  
You've tried little boys, sheep, and llamas,  
Now how about a dead kangaroo?

-----Chorus-----

FOLLOW THE BAND  
(Sing to the tune of "Follow The Man")

Chorus: Drink a little-little,  
Chug a lug a little,  
Follow the band,  
Follow the band, follow the band.

Drink a little-little,  
Chug a lug a little,  
Follow the band,  
Follow the band

My husband's a mason, a mason, a mason,  
A very fine mason is he.  
All day he lays bricks, he lays bricks, he lays bricks,  
At night he comes home and drinks tea.

-----Chorus-----

My husband's a carpenter, a carpenter, a carpenter,  
A very fine carpenter is he.  
All day he bangs nails, he bangs nails, he bangs nails,  
At night he comes home and drinks tea.

-----Chorus-----

My husband's a farmer, a farmer, a farmer,  
A very fine farmer is he.  
All day he ploughs fields, he ploughs fields, he ploughs fields,  
At night he comes home and drinks tea.

-----Chorus-----

My husband's a brakeman, a brakeman, a brakeman,  
A very fine brakeman is he.  
All day he humps cars, he humps cars, he humps cars,  
At night he comes home and drinks tea.

-----Chorus-----

My husband's a gourmet, a gourmet, a gourmet,  
A very fine gourmet is he.  
All day he eats food, he eats food, he eats food,  
At night he comes home and drinks tea.

-----Chorus-----

My husband's a farmer, a farmer, a farmer,  
A very fine farmer is he.  
All day he forks hay, he forks hay, he forks hay,  
At night he comes home and drinks tea.

-----Chorus-----

My husband's a gaffer, a gaffer, a gaffer,  
A very fine gaffer is he.  
All day he blows glass, he blows glass, he blows glass,  
At night he comes home and drinks tea.

-----Chorus-----

BALLS AND PARTIES AND BANQUETS

Oh, It's Balls and Parties and Banquets  
Parties, Banquets and Balls  
As President Hoover said once before  
The only way we can stay out of war  
Is to have more Parties and Banquets  
Banquets, Parties and Balls  
For its Parties and Banquets  
Banquets and Parties  
And Balls! Balls! Balls!

SALVATION ARMY

I was laying in the gutter all covered up with beer,  
I had pretzels in my ear and I knew the end was near.  
When came a mighty army from out the briny foam,  
Singing me a song a million miles from home.

Salvation army, Salvation army,  
Put a nickle on the drum,  
Save another drunken bum.  
Salvation army, Salvation army,  
Put a nickle on the drum,  
And you'll be saved.  
You'll be S-A-V-E-D from the ways of S-I-N.

## ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

CHORUS: Roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over,  
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all young girls were like flowers so fragrant,  
I'd jump in their panties and make them all pregnant.

I wish all young girls were like little red rubies,  
And I were a jeweler, I'd feel their bubies.

I wish all young girls were like statues of Venus,  
And I was a man with a cast iron penus.

I wish all young girls were like sharks in a pool,  
And I was a shark with a waterproof tool.

I wish all young girls were like trees in a forest,  
And I was a saw, I'd split their clitoris.

I wish all young girls were like bells in a tower,  
And I was a clapper, I'd ring by the hour.

I wish all young girls were like bricks in a pile,  
And I was a mason, I'd lay them in style.

I wish all young girls were like fish in the ocean,  
And I was a whale, I'd show them the motion.

I wish all young girls were like bats in a steeple,  
And I was a bat, there'd be more bats than people.

I wish all young girls were like little red foxes,  
And I was a wolf, I'd tickle their boxes.

I wish all young girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee,  
And I was a G-string, oh look what I'd see.

I wish all young girls were like snakes in the grass,  
And I was a rattler, I'd tickle their ass.

I wish all young girls were like little white sturgeons,  
And I was a swordfish, there'd be no more virgins.

I wish all young girls were like little red chickens,  
And I was a rooster, I'd give them the dickens.

I wish all young girls were like cows in a pasture,  
And I was a bull, I'd make them run faster.

I wish all young girls were like little white rabbits,  
And I was a hare, I'd chase down bad bunnies.

I wish I knew just what you...  
But since I don't, let's go outside & roll over...

## WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLIE

Chorus: Ay, yi, yi, yi, in China they never serve chili,  
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse,  
So waltz me around again Willie,

On the breast of a lady from Yale,  
Was tattoed the price of her tail,  
But on her behind, for those who were blind,  
The same thing was printed in braille.

There was a young lady from Dodge,  
Who thought that all babies came from God.  
But it wasn't the Almighty who lifted her nighly,  
It was Rcdger the lodger, by God.

There was a young man from Thanes,  
Who liked to play nasty old games.  
He lit a match to his grandmothers snatch,  
And laughed while she pissed through the flames.

There was a young man from Stanbul,  
Who found a red ring on his tool,  
He went to the clinic, the doctor was cynic,  
Don't you even know lipstick, you fool?

There once was a girl from Seattle,  
That was addicted to sucking off cattle,  
~~One day~~ a bull from the south shot a load in her mouth,  
And made her ovaries rattle.

There once was a young man from Boston,  
Who drove around in an Austin,  
He had room for his ass and a tank full of gas,  
But his balls hung out and he lost them.

There was a young man from Calcutta,  
Who was beating his meat in the gutter,  
When the tropical sun played hell with his gun,  
And turned all his cream to butter.

There was a young man from Nadene,  
Who invented a screwing machine,  
Conca ve or convex, it would take either sex,  
But oh wha t a bastard to clean.

There once wa s a guy from Dembass,  
Who had two balls made of brass,  
When he clanged them together, he'd play Stormy Weather,  
While lightning shot out of his ass.

There once was a girl named Lill,  
Who swallowed an atomic pill,  
They found her vagina in North Carolina,  
And her tits on a tree in Brazil.

There was a young man from the Cape,  
Who buggered an anthropoid ape,  
The results, they were horrid, all balls and no forehead  
And a strong inclination to rape.

There once was a hermit named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave;  
He said, "I'll admit I'm a bit of a shit,  
But look at the money I save."

There was a young dentist named Sloem,  
Who treated women alone,  
In a fit of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity.  
And now his business has grown.

There was a young woman named Myrtle  
Who had an affair with a turtle,  
After a year and a day, when her belly did sway,  
Myrtle found that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Selinia  
Who had a complex inferior,  
He did to a man what he shouldn't have done  
And now he's a Mother Superior.

There was a young girl named Saecon,  
Who had young men in her hansom;  
One fell to the floor, when she shouted for more,  
Said the man, "My name's Simpscon, not Sampson."

There was a young man from Kent,  
Whose.... was so long that it bent;  
To save him from trouble, he put it in double,  
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young man from the Cape  
Who buggered an anthropoid ape;  
The ape cried, "You fool, You've got a square tool,  
And you've buggered my hole out of shape."

There was a young ferry named Bloom,  
Who took a girl to his room.  
They spent half the night wondering who had the right  
To do what, with which to whom.

There was a young lady of fashion,  
Who had a great deal of passion;  
And so she said, when they crawled into bed,  
"This is one thing the country can't nation."

There was a young man from Ghandi,  
Who woke up one day with a dandy.  
He said to his aid, "Fetch me a maid,  
Or a goat, or anything handy."

There once was a pirate named Yates,  
Who attempted to rhumba on skates;  
But he slipped on his cutless, and now he is nutless,  
And not very useful on dates.

There once was a young girl named Heather  
Whose intimate parts were of leather;  
She attracted the boys with a horrible noise,  
Made by flapping the edges together.

There once was a man from Rangoon,  
Whose farts could be heard on the moon;  
They'd shoot from his rectum, when you'd least expect them,  
With the force of a mighty typhoon.

There once was a man from St. Paul,  
Who went to a masquerade ball;  
He had the affront to come dressed as a cumb,  
And was had by a dog in the bell.

There once was a man named McFavish,  
Who thought that an ape he would ravish;  
He made the mistake, got the wrong kind of ape,  
And the anthropoid rravished McFavish.

There was a young girl named Joan,  
Who went to the dentist alone;  
In a fit of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity,  
And now she's nursing the filling at home.

There once was a young man named Brock,  
Who liked to play tunes on his cock;  
With terrific erection, he could play a selection  
Of Johann Sebastian Bach.

There once was a lady from Brewster,  
Who dreamt that a man had seduced her;  
But when she awoke, she found 'twas a joie,  
'Twas a lump in the mattress that goosed her.

There was a young plumber named Lee,  
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea;  
Said the girl, "Stop your plumbing, there's somebody coming."  
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "The tide's low!"

There was a young man named Magruder  
Who met a lewd nude in Bermuda;  
The lewd nude was rude and exceedingly crude,  
But Magruder was ruder - he screwed her.

There was an octogenarian named Lou,  
To his frisky old wife he was true;  
But it wasn't compunction, but failure to function  
Of his genital glands - balls to you.

There was a young gaucho named Bruno,  
Who said there's one thing I do know,  
A woman is fine, and a sheep is divine,  
But a llama is numero uno.

There was a young girl from Chester,  
Who said, when her boyfriend possessed her,  
"I think you will find, it's better behind,  
The front is beginning to fester."

There was a young lady from Barking Creek,  
Who had her monthlies twice a week.  
Said a young man from Wobing, "My, how provoking,  
Not much poking, so to speak!"

There was a young girl from Palota,  
Who lived in a Chinese Pagoda.  
The walls of the halls were decked with the balls  
And tools of the fools who bestowed her.

There was a young girl named Lucille  
Whose vagina was made of steel.  
Her greatest thrill was a rotary drill  
With an oft centered emery wheel.

There was a young girl from Beloit  
Who was exceedingly adroit.  
She'd contract her vagina to a pin point or finer,  
Or expand it the size of a quoit.

There once was a couple named Kelly,  
Who walk'd around belly to belly;  
Because, in their haste, they used library paste  
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There once was a young man named Clair,  
Who was getting a piece on the stair;  
When the bannister broke, he doubled his stroke,  
And finished it off in mid-air.

## A YEAR BEFORE DISCHARGE

"Twas a year before discharge, and all through the Command  
Not a creature was stirring, no one lifted a hand.  
The civilians were dozing without the least care,  
Expecting that coffee time soon would be there.

The boss in a stupor, his hands on his chest,  
Observed that for comfort his chair was the best.  
No work to be done, no cause for grief,  
He said with a smile, "This sure beats relief!"

When out in the hall there arose such a clatter,  
He awoke his assistant to check on the matter,  
He returned and announced, "There's no cause for dread,  
'Twas merely a taxpayer that fell over dead."

A private was fudging reports so untrue,  
To make it appear that something was new.  
Done with his writing, his neck gave a snap;  
When his head hit the desk, he returned to his nap.

In the lounge down the hall the stenographers sat,  
Drinking their coffee and chewing the fat.  
They talked about money and subjects so deep  
That nothing could cause them to go back to sleep.

Cut in the men's room there was action galore,  
As the boys fixed a booby trap over the door,  
While the master mechanic, a clever old blighter,  
Reclined on the table repairing his lighter.

The projects were chosen and planned in advance,  
So the fellows who handle them haven't a chance.  
The solutions are vague if they even exist.  
They run on for years and the money ain't missed.

The clock reaches ten, the coffee is hot,  
Hallelujah! Hurry for the morning is shot,  
Up, Herb! Up, Henry! and dash down the hall.  
Coffee Time! Coffee Time! and sugar for all.

"A HITCH IN HELL"

Just below the Delaware border  
A C C is the spot  
Where I am doomed to spend my time  
Whether I like it or not  
Down with the snakes and buzzards  
Down where men get blue  
Right in the middle of nowhere  
Twelve hundred miles from you.

We sweat and shiver and freeze  
It's more than we can stand  
We're not a bunch of convicts  
Just defenders of the land  
We're soldiers of the Chemical Corps  
Earning a measly pay  
Guarding our people with millions  
For two and a half a day.

Living with our memories  
Waiting to see our gals  
Hoping that while we're away  
They haven't married our pals  
Few people know we're living  
Few people give a damn  
Though we're not forgot at home  
We belong to Uncle Sam.

The time we spend in the Army  
The good things we have missed  
Boys, we hope you aren't drafted  
And for Pete's sake don't enlist  
When we arrive at heaven  
Saint Peter he will yell  
"These are the boys from A C C. Lord  
They have served their hitch in Hell".

CHEMPS

Hooray for-----  
Hooray at last,  
Hooray for-----  
He's a son-of-a-hus

Hooray for-----  
Hooray for-----  
Fin, Zwis, Drie, Vier  
-----takes it in the ear.  
Hooray for-----  
He's a snit

THE 23rd PSALM  
(Regular Army version)

The Army's my shepard, I shall not think;  
It alloweth me to lie down on essential jobs;  
It leadeth me blindly; it destroyeth my initiative;  
It taketh me into the paths of a parasite for my country's sake,  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of laziness and corrupt living,  
Its allowance and longevity, they comfort me;  
It maketh me to believe in great falsehoods;  
And filleth my head with false security;  
My inefficiency runneth over;  
Surely, the Army shall care for me all the days of my life,  
And I shall dwell in a fools paradise forever.

IS IT WET-----YET?  
(Tune similar to "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Oh, she went into the water and she got her----all wet,  
She went into the water and she got her----all wet,  
She went into the water and she got her----all wet,  
But she didn't get her x x wet----yet.

- |           |           |
|-----------|-----------|
| 1. feet   | 4. knees  |
| 2. ankles | 5. thighs |
| 3. calves | 6. suit   |

I hate men because they take me to dinner, into alleys, and their bedrooms. They crush me and feel me all over with their hands, hold me to their lips, and get me hot, and drag the life out of me. When they get all they want out of me, they cast me aside, and then I'm only good for tramps. Why should they take advantage of my smooth, little body?-----  
.....After all, I'm only a little cigarette." ? ?

K.P.  
(Sing to the tune of "Trees")

"I think that I shall never see  
A job as sloppy as K.P.  
K.P. where greasy arms are pressed  
With pots and pans against the chest  
K.P. where stand the chefs all day,  
Barking orders at their prey.  
K.P.'s who may in evening wear  
A spot of gravy in their hair.  
K.P. where all the yardbirds hop  
To nonchalantly wield a mop.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
And so's the list of that damned K.P.

CHEER ON GETTING A DRINK ON

In the days of old, when college was bold,  
And liquor was inexpedable  
To drink all night was considered right,  
In fact, it was considered commendable.

'Twas never a blow when whiskey ran low,  
For more was always available  
On foot or by car, each campus town bar  
Was forever quite readily accessible.

But now in this town the lid's been clamped down  
On the gang from the frats and sororities,  
And to have any fun, you must be twenty-one  
By the order of the local authorities.

But I always say, where there's will there's a way,  
And sin will win out in the long run.  
So pull down the shades, you ladies and maids,  
Tap the keg, and draw us a long one.